

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XIII.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1904.

No. 3

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 3.

THE SOUL'S SABBATH	29
THE POET'S DOMAIN	29
THE DIVINE IN THE HUMAN	30
THE STILL HOUR	31
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	32
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL	33
NATURAL HISTORY: MY SUMMER BOARDERS. II.	35
THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. CHILDREN'S EMPLOY- MENT COMMISSION	36
LETTERS OF A SISTER	38
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	39
IMPORTANT NOTICES	40

THE SOUL'S SABBATH.

My soul kept Sabbath on a summer day
Upon a breezy upland far away.
The tenderness of hillside entered in;
The steadfastness of mossy-stained old rocks
That through the grass their wrinkled fore-
heads press,
Like mighty bulls; the heaving earth might
win
To shatter them by rude, Titanic shocks,
But nothing else.

The faithfulness of pine-trees, pointing still
To the great, blue abyss forevermore,
In one long, grand, uplifted, reverent mood;
The trustfulness of birds who fear no ill
The skies hold for them as they blithely soar,
Seemed in my sight most good;
And so the graciousness of lady elms,
Draped in soft green along their shapely
forms;
The staunchness of old, weather-beaten oaks,
That scorn to bow when winter's wind o'er-
whelms,
Facing the raging of a thousand storms
In ragged cloaks.

But most the holiness of sailing clouds
Did fill me. These in splendid garments clad
Move on in solemn pomp across the sky,
Like saintly dead in snowy, radiant shrouds,
Passing God's throne in a procession glad
Of joyful mystery.

The whole, long luxury of summer's glow
Thus swelled and swelled to perfect peace;
and so

My soul kept Sabbath on a summer day
Upon that breezy upland far away.

—*H. P. Kimball, in "Songs New and Old."*

THE POET'S DOMAIN.*

* Never before printed.

(Composed on the top of Knabscarc, in 1849,
above Rydal, in view of Wordsworth's house,
Grasmere, Windermere, Ambleside, and Hel-
vellyn, by James Freeman Clarke.)

The sword where the Poet's foot
Has paced and rested;
The hill where his bending form
The storm has breasted;
The bare and purple hill,
And its dancing child,
Leaping from rock to rock
In tumult wild,
These came in sweetness and power,
His soul to awaken;
But, much as they gave the bard,
More have they taken.

For, now, as I gaze abroad,
O'er thy sheet, Winander,
And on Knabscarc's dry, crisp sod
Restlessly wander,
'Tis not the landscape alone
Which surrounds me now,—
Not clumps where with pearly tone
The willows bow,
Not nature wild and rude,
Not the grassy hill,
Not the lake where cloud-shadows brood
And the fish lie still,—

But with human thought combined
Is each living form,
Steepled in the Poet's mind,
With his feelings warm;
For fifty miles around
It breathes of his strain;
His standard floats over the ground
Lord of the ducal domain.
By right of discovery prior,
All must to him belong;
He has conquered by his lyre;
He has bought with a song!

THE DIVINE IN THE HUMAN.

As we come into our true life, we realize more and more that we are embosomed in the Perfect and Universal, that we are in open communication with the all-knowing Mind and the all-loving Heart. The Light that lighteth every man no longer shines in an uncomprehending darkness. If the scanty rays of sunlight that enter the little pupils of our eyes can give us fair and trustworthy pictures of earth and sky, why should we doubt that through our higher faculties we may have the vision of higher realities? Has not a marvellous light shined for us in the face of Jesus Christ, and in every other face or fact that we have really seen and rightly felt?

We need wonder no longer at the confidence of Jesus when he is reported as saying: "The Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things. All things are delivered unto me of my Father." If one child of God has advanced further than ourselves along these shining paths that are laid out for all his children, and if we are travelling in the same direction, how can we help being his followers? As he cheerily calls back to those who are below and behind him, and bids them come on, why may they not joyfully salute him as their Leader and Example, the Prince of Life and Captain of Salvation?

To follow him is no servile imitation: we must be true to the Inward Light as he was, for it is the same light which shines for all. "See thou imitate no man save in the matter of faithfulness," was the wise injunction of William Penn. The mind of Jesus opened inward and upward like a firmament, and a Face bent above him like a Father's approving smile. It is by the warrant of experience that he bids us ask and receive or seek and find the same unspeakable blessing.

"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Surely, we live in a universe where there is wisdom in plenty; and our need of it with our desire for it should persuade us that it is abundant, acceptable, and free.

That all truth, all reality, should be present to any man's thought at any moment is, of course, impossible; but, if we are in living communication with a boundless, all-including Intelligence, if in that Intelligence we live and move and have our being, if that Intelligence continually imparts as much as we are fitted to receive, let us lift

up our heads and rejoice! For then we are heirs of all things; and nothing is hidden from us except by our own limitations, disorders, and obscurities.

A few days ago many thousands of our young people were taking their degrees or being congratulated on their promotion to higher grades, and many other thousands were half-enviously covetous of similar opportunities. But let them take comfort. We are all at school. Every provision has been made for our instruction and training. Something in us responds and corresponds to every lesson we are set to learn. And each man's nature, like the world itself, is an open text-book. If it be true that in some sense we already know the contents, yet we do not know that we know. If the wisdom of the Highest is *infolded*, it is yet to be *unfolded*. But the power that worketh in us above all that we ask or think can be trusted to carry on the work it has begun.

Now we can understand the "authority" of Jesus. As he called men to purity of heart and rightness of life, to faith in the Fatherhood and love of the Brotherhood, the outward voice awoke the inward voice of reason and conscience. It was the voice of the Universal Soul resounding in the depths of the individual soul. Each man, like the prodigal, "came to himself,"—his real self,—knew his own mind, and felt as never before the greatness of his nature and his need of his duty and his privilege. The man before him was a spiritual looking-glass.

Does not the ministry of nature operate in the same way and preach the same gospel? Yes, but not till after the awakening, not till the spirit bears inward witness that we are sons of God. Then all things illustrate and confirm the truth. The order of the world, the processes around us, the testimonies of history and science, open like parables. They, too, speak with authority; and we learn to pray with Bryant,—

"To the beautiful order of Thy works
May we conform the order of our lives!"

So with the impressions made on a wakeful mind by human relationships and social exposures. All sweet and reasonable persons shame or will us to be like them,—as if God were touching and beckoning us. All un-beautiful lives become warnings. Living in a human world, we are really immersed in a spiritual atmosphere. The stimulus and opportunity to practise justice, kind-

ness, and helpful service is the beginning of heaven. Does not a child best find its own faculties and forces in the companionship of other children? So do we grown-ups find in living worthily together our lifelong divine education. For the play of light around and within us is all one thing. It is the method of nature and of Providence,—the Father's way of bringing up his family.

Why do we not take these things for granted? We trust the air to be the breath of our life; we trust the seasons to lead the seed-time on to harvest; we even trust the methods by which human skill brings water into our houses, gives artificial light when the sun goes down, and harnesses the electric current to our wheels. Why should we not trust the Power behind and within the powers,—the Power which makes, not only for righteousness, but for health and sanity, for guidance and comfort, for beauty and gladness?

What account can we give of this mighty experience? Men have called it, "God manifest in the flesh," "Christ formed in us the hope of glory," "the witness of the Holy Spirit." Let us confess that no name or word can hold the fact, that no creed or philosophy can be more than a finger pointing to the immeasurable sky.

"The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes."

The Divine in the Human, the opening of the mind of man to the mind of God! Of all the blessed wonders of our faith this is the most impressive and inspiring; the most fruitful of impulses that do not exhaust, of restraints that never grow irksome, of repose that continually refreshes and renews, of love that casts out fear, of peace that passes understanding. "The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart." Look and listen. Be quiet and teachable. Be trustful and be true. "Love, and you will know."

"As shines a star in the deep sea,
So shines the thought of God in me;
It lights my eye, and I behold
What sages saw and prophets told."

—Charles G. Ames.

Let us cheerfully take the common human risks of error and the best, clearest truth we can get, and, by acting on the light we have, prepare ourselves for ever more and more.—William Salter.

THE STILL HOUR.

WORSHIP IN SOLITUDE

Alone with thee, with thee alone,
I breathe the heavenly air;
Lord, what sweet wonders thou hast shown
Thy lonely worshipper!

Thou takest this rapt soul apart
Into thy secret place,
Thou keepest for this yearning heart
The fulness of thy grace.

For these blest eyes thou openest
Full many a deep divine,
In these glad ears thou whisperest
Some secret sweet of thine.

Alone my gracious Lord I hail
In the sweet strife of prayer;
Alone I wrestle and prevail,
Alone I hold thee there.

Alone o'erflows this gladsome heart
In many a gladsome song;
What triumph breaks, what raptures start
From this unaided tongue!

Beneath some tree, beside some spring,
I find a place of prayer;
Upon some mountain top I sing
And build a Bethel there.

O Lord, my God, mine all, mine own,
Still grant these visits sweet!
Still meet thy lover all alone!
These blessed hours repeat!

—T. H. Gill.

Christ in the fields with observant eyes
and a delighted heart is also a model for
his disciples.—I. O. R.

It was, they say, the custom of the pious Jews of old, whatever delight they took in any creature, to give to God the glory of it. When they smelled a flower, they said, "Blessed be he that made this flower sweet"; if they ate a morsel of bread, "Blessed be he that appointed bread to strengthen man's heart."—Matthew Henry.

I thank thee, Father, that thou hast shared with me the spring's delight and deepening summer beauty leading on to fruitfulness. Blessed be thou, that thou hast thus revealed thyself. Why thou hast made the storm and earthquake I may never fully understand; but, in beauty of green leaves, color and fragrance of the flowers, the flight and song of birds, the wide air and sunlit sky, I feel thy presence with an ever-new delight. Let

me never go with blind eyes on earth's pilgrimage, or be so much oppressed with cares and sorrows that I have no pleasure in the gifts which thou hast strewn along my way. So may the beauty of the spring and the bright face of the world become to heart and mind reflections of thy nature and an earnest of thy loving purposes. In the name of Christ. Amen.—*The Congregationalist.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by not-

ing the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I venture to make application to join your society, as I live in a remote place and have not the advantage of a library. I did have until a short time ago. The lady (Mrs. B. F. Smith) has moved out of the county. I would be glad of any reading matter. I would especially like "The Life of Lord Byron," and his Poems, also "Inez," by Augusta Evans. Will pass them on. Mrs. Nora A. Cunningham, Mountain View, Washata County, Oklahoma.

2. Will some of the Cheerful Letter friends send the *Youth's Companion* and some books to me? I am alone all day and get very lonely without reading. I would like Jane Austen's books or Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson's, or any that are good. When reading is sent me, I carry or send it to the lonely or shut-ins. Mrs. E. A. Clark, Levant, Maine.

3. Mrs. Cora L. Harrington, Swatara, Aitkin County, Minnesota, asks for "Natural History," "History of the Middle Ages," "Story of the Nations," and "Classical Atlas." Mrs. Harrington writes that they are still without schooling for their children, except such as they can give them at home.

4. I would like to ask the kind person who has been so kindly sending *Cheerful Letter* to Mrs. M. Spellman, Bentonsport, Iowa, to please send it to Mrs. M. Q. Worden, 1610 Third Street, Fort Madison, Iowa, instead. Having just moved to a new place among new surroundings and strangers, would be so thankful for *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Housekeeper* from May after reading. Dear friends, if you have any good novels that you wish to get rid of, please kindly remember me.

I will gladly pass them on to other lonely ones like myself. I thank you for all kindness in the past and in the future. Please do not think me selfish. I shall be thankful for any kindness in reading matter sent me. Mrs. M. Q. Worden, 1610 Third Street, Fort Madison, Iowa.

5. Mrs. Lucy Pickerel, Verano, Virginia, asks for reading for herself, and school-books for children suitable for ten years and under.

6. I am the wife of a farmer, living on rented land. Have been in poor health for several months. We have five children, oldest nine years. Live in a *thinly settled* mountainous country, fourteen miles from a railroad, several miles from church. Would be delighted to receive books, letters, or any good reading. Hoping you will kindly remember me, Mrs. Jennie J. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia.

Word has been received from the commanding officer at Fort Sill that they no longer are in need of reading matter. The government furnishes them with money to buy magazines.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL

THE AMERICAN SKELETON.

Children and Young People in Hotels.

Regard the average boy of sixteen or eighteen. With his hands buried in his pockets he shuffles into the dining-room. Does he stand aside and let his father or mother, who work for and pay for the clothes that he has on his back and the food that he eats, precede him? The boy, like his sister, orders first, is waited on first, finishes first, and gets up from the table first, leaving the old folk to "poke along over their dinner."

Watch the child of fewer years, and the picture is sadder yet. Here the child rules the family and the hotel. Everything and everybody must be secondary to his whims and moods. If others come to the hotel where this prodigy is harbored, seeking rest or quiet, are their feelings and rights to be considered? Not for a minute! Johnny, dear, cute Johnny, must have his inning, whether that inning consist of stamping or racing through the halls, or yelling from one end of the hall to the other, or venting his feelings by an outburst of temper in

a room which is separated from the next room only by a thin wall! What rights has any one in comparison with Johnny? No one can complain, because that would result only in exciting the contemptuous glance of the boy's mother, who cannot understand "why some folks are so disagreeable," or so nervous that they cannot endure "the innocent fun of a healthy child." No, indeed! Johnny must have the run of the hotel at all times. He owns the entire sleeping floor on which he happens to have his room: he owns the dining-room, where his bad table manners are laughed at by his parents, and where his increasing prattle disturbs the serenity of the meal. The piazza is Johnny's playground, whether he chooses to make such a racket that people cannot hear themselves talk, or whether he races before people, steps on their dresses or toes, or falls against their chairs! What matters it? "Johnny is such a lively, healthy boy," you know. And, if any one takes exception to anything that Johnny happens to get into his mind to do or to say, why that one simply "does not love children!" Such a one is either an irritable old maid or a crotchety old bachelor! So Johnny rules the hotel, and even the evening hours are not free from his presence, because "the dear child loves to see the lights, you know."

Do I draw an exaggerated picture? If so, then surely my sixteen years of hotel living has spoiled my perspective of things. The next time you happen to be in a hotel, just watch the average American daughter going into an elevator with her parents, and see how often she will step aside and let her parents enter the car first! See how often she will hold the door open and allow her mother to pass through first! Watch her enter a room, and note how often she sees that there is a chair for her mother before she looks around for one for herself! Watch her dresses, and see how often they are in harmony with her mother's clothes. Watch her as she gathers a group of her girl-friends about her, and see how often she makes her mother the centre or a part of that circle! How often do we see these little acts of courtesy? The very fact that, when we do see them, they attract our attention and comment shows how rare they are. And yet they are only those little marks of outward deference to which every mother, by her right, is entitled at the hands of her daughter. Apply the same watchful-

ness to the average American boy with his father. Does it ever occur to the boy not to interrupt his elders when they are talking, or is he ready to cease talking when his elders wish to talk? Does it ever occur to him to lift his hat to his father, or stand aside to let his father pass? That is babyish in his eyes. And yet these courtesies are but the inherent right of the father. It has become the exception rather than the rule to see that sweet deference from child to parent which is at once so beautiful and so becoming. Nay, nay, my friends, the parent is nowadays put in the background. The child is first in America.—*Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

Where we make the mistake is that we regard these children with looks of impatience on our faces. I have seen elderly people look so at a child only to have the child return the glance with a look of wonderment. The child knows no better. How can he? What a child does is right to the child. If he is not taught otherwise, how should he know any difference? If a child from his infancy is allowed to have his way and to think that his wants and fancies are to be first considered in everything, how can we expect him to learn his proper place at six or at sixteen? If a pony has been allowed to take its bit into its own mouth, at its own sweet will, pray how is it, as a horse, to know that there is such a thing as reins and that it must be driven and respond to its driver? That the child is father to the man is true in more respects than one. It may be very cute to put the baby in the middle of the table and let him be the centre of attraction. It may be great fun to the friends and relatives and to the baby's parents. It may give great selfish delight to the grand-parents who have not the responsibility of the child's training. But it is death to the child, and later it will be death to the parents. The seed of adulation when it is once implanted in a child grows very quickly, and it never grows into a flower. The universal disrespect, or, to be more charitable, the lack of proper respect shown by American children to their parents is directly traceable to the parents themselves.

The American parent has far more to learn than has the American child. If in these days of multitudinous and unnecessary clubs and organizations there is need for one more, it is for a "Society for the Education of American Parents." God

knows there is nothing that we need more keenly, and the manners of the average American child of to-day are the best proof of the crying need of such a society. We do not seem to be able to get it into our heads that our children should be taught that they are not first, but last, in the family life. There is too much of the mistaken policy of the child first and everybody else second. The place of attention, in the home or anywhere else, cannot with safety be given to any one who does not understand its requirements. And a child does not. How can he? And yet we go on giving to our children the first place in everything. The little monkeys are quick enough to take it, and with occupancy comes, of course, an unintelligible misuse of power. And a child once thus installed is difficult of displacement. There is nothing quite so sad as this pre-eminence of the child in the home because it means so much absolute suffering to both the child and his parents in after years,—suffering of the keenest and most humiliating kind. For it is difficult to imagine anything quite so pitiable as a spoiled child, who is trained to hold the centre of the stage, only to find as he grows older, at the hands of strangers, that his place is behind and not before. And yet this keen humiliation is constantly brought upon the sensitive natures of children by their own parents.

It is difficult to place the blame for the incompetency of parents. Various causes have been assigned to it: the marriage of girls at too early an age, and their consequent inability to be competent mothers; the over-occupation of the American father in business, and the mother in affairs outside of the home; the tendency to overlove the few children we have because the average family is smaller than in former times, and so on. But, whatever the cause, the directly responsible offenders are the parents. Whether the beautiful art of the wise training of children has become a lost art, whether it is that we are too busy, whether we are too careless, whether we haven't enough children,—whatever it is, the fact remains and stares us in the face wherever we go. A tremendous loss in the deference and respect due from children to their parents has occurred in our generation. The fact can be deplored, but not denied. Unfortunately it is too evident; and, instead of growing better, it will grow steadily worse, until a new understanding comes to thou-

sands of American parents that the child must be trained to consider himself secondary to his parents, not in a spirit of servility or humility, but in a spirit of belief that obedience to his parents and deference to his elders are the first laws of childhood. There must be a little less of the self-effacement of the parent and more of the self-effacement of the child. The child must be taught that he is a part of the home—a goodly part, if you will, but not the Alpha and Omega. The parent, by reason of hard work and self-sacrifice, has a few rights which children must be taught to respect. We need not love our children less to love them more wisely.

The place of honor in the home belongs to the eldest, not to the youngest.—*Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

MY SUMMER BOARDERS.

II.

There is always quite a stir among my boarders at the arrival of a brown-coated locust or a green-vested grasshopper. These come when least expected, and are very impulsive in their manners. I have known them to hop right up in the midst of a meal, without even asking to be excused. In fact, they are always upon the jump: it seems to be a family trait, and is born in them.

It is exceedingly interesting to study the different dispositions, tastes, and habits of my boarders. Now, there is such a contrast between the flighty grasshopper and the quiet home-loving spider, which so likes to settle down in one place for a little while. One really wanted the exclusive right, for a time, to my tallest cosmos, and at last, upon going away, left me a wonderful specimen of skilful spinning.

The difference in the manners and real breeding of those that gather around the table is quite noticeable. I suppose it is so everywhere. Some are shy, while others are overconfident.

For certain reasons I feel in special sympathy and kinship with the toads, though they are so diffident they get under the tablecloth. I knew they were regular enough at meals, yet I had never actually seen them partake of their fare until one day, when I had been absent-mindedly chewing

a nasturtium stem, I happened to toss a bit from the window in front of a toad. Snap went the mouth, and the bit was gone, and gone before I could see it go; but it gave me an idea.

When one has to be idle a whole summer, it grows easy to do foolish things, and I began to feed the toads, at the risk of making my other boarders jealous. It was immensely interesting to stick a fly on the end of a string with a bit of mucilage, and let it do its work from the window in front of his toadship. Snap would go the mouth, and the fly would be gone. Such mouths as they do have! Three different toads I fed that same day and was never refused, while sometimes I made them take quite a leap. When I let the string down, they would look up; if I moved the string along, they would turn around; and at first I forgot my childhood was behind me, and I laughed outright.

As the evenings grow cool I have to close my window; and one night, as I was about to do so, I thought I heard familiar voices in altercation. I listened a moment, and, sure enough, there was a lively dispute going on.

"Katy did, she did!"

"She didn't, Katy didn't!"

"Katy did!"

"She didn't!"

"She did. Katy did," and so it went on. They were my boarders, and lodged in my lilies; but what could I do? I did not even know of what Katy had been accused, and she never had a word to say for herself. In any case, I did not think it best to interfere, so I closed my window; but the last thing I heard before going to sleep was the emphatic assertion that "Katy did." They must have settled it somehow during the night, for nothing was said about it in the morning. In all charity let us hope Katy didn't.

When the summer wears away, my boarders will flit. There will probably be change and confusion at the table. New faces will appear for a little, and then go. They will go as they came, without a word to me, and more than likely they will never know that through them I have cultivated a healthy enjoyment in all living things; that my faith has been strengthened; and that in their companionship I have found rest and recreation, and proved to my own satisfaction, at least, that there is something to be made in taking summer boarders.—*Anna J. Granniss, in Good Housekeeping.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION.

The month of August, 1840, was memorable for the success of Lord Ashley's labors on behalf of suffering children. Not only did he carry the day on behalf of the climbing boys (chimney-sweeps), but he also won the battle on behalf of factory children.

He also now took up the cause of the thousands of children to whom the acts on behalf of these two classes gave no protection.

He explained his motive for introducing this fresh subject by saying:—

"I have long been taunted with narrow and exclusive attention to the children in factories alone. I have been told in language and in writing that there were other cases fully as grievous and not less numerous; that I was unjust and inconsiderate in my denouncement of the one and my omissions of the others. I have, however, long contemplated this effort which I am now making: I had long resolved that, so soon as I could see the factory children, as it were, safe in harbor, I would undertake a new task. The Committee of this session on Mills and Factories, having fully substantiated the necessity, and rendered certain the amendment of the law, I am now endeavoring to obtain an inquiry into the actual circumstances and condition of another large part of our juvenile population."

He then proceeded to describe the unhealthy and oppressive character of the legalized slavery to which the children were subjected, in connection with employment in earthenware, porcelain, hosiery, pin and needle making, manufacture of arms, ironworks, and forges, iron foundries, glass trade, collieries, calico printing, tobacco manufacture, button factories, bleaching and paper mills, and various other industries.

After a short discussion the motion was agreed to, and a commission granted; and this was as convincing a proof as could well be given that Lord Ashley had attained a power and influence in the House of Commons as a social reformer which it would be unsafe for any government to resist.

Indifference to poverty and suffering, especially in those who professed to be influenced by the Christian religion, was inexplicable to Lord Ashley. He says:—

"*Jan. 5, 1841.*—No stir as yet in behalf of my Children's Employment Commission. I cannot discern how, humanly speaking,

I have ever made any progress at all. To whom should I have naturally looked for the chief aid? Why, undoubtedly to the clergy, and especially those of the trading districts. Quite the reverse: from them I have received no support, or next to none. . . . And this throughout my whole career. There are grand and blessed exceptions, thank God for them!"

The saying, "The poor ye have always with you," was literally true with Lord Ashley, and it remained true to the end of his life. . . . The state of the weather, depression in trade, illness, bereavement, separation from children or friends,—these and a hundred other things suggested to him no cause of complaint as they affected him personally; but they led him invariably to think how much more terrible similar circumstances must be to the poor and friendless.

Nor did his sympathy exhaust itself with merely thinking about them. During the pauses in the greater labors which absorbed so much of his time, he would devise schemes for the relief of those within his reach, and would make the help he gave a thousand-fold more acceptable by the manner in which he gave it. He was never too proud to grasp the hand of a poor, honest man, or take up a sickly little child in his arms, or sit in the home of a poor, starving needlewoman as she plied her needle. He never spoke down to their level, but sought to raise them up to his; and his kindly words were as helpful as his kindly deeds. . . . To Lord Ashley Christianity was nothing unless it was intensely practical. On one occasion, when addressing an assembly of young men, and urging them to a life of usefulness, he said: "Depend upon it, whatever you think, when you are young and stirring, the time will come when you will take counsel with your gray hairs, and you will bless God, if your career has been one by which your fellows have been benefited and God honored, and if you have endeavored as much as lay in your power to advance His Holy Name, and to do good to all that were within the reach of your influence. Nothing is more likely to keep you from mischief of all kinds,—from mischief of action, of speculation,—from every mischief that you can devise, than to be everlastingly engaged in some great practical work of good. Christianity is not a state of opinion and speculation. Christianity is essentially practical; and I will maintain this, that practical

Christianity is the greatest curer of corrupt, speculative Christianity. No man, depend upon it, can persist from the beginning of his life to the end of it in a course of self-denial, in a course of generosity, in a course of virtue, in a course of piety, and in a course of prayer, unless he draws from his well-spring, unless he is drawing from the fountain of our Lord himself. Therefore, I say to you, again and again, let your Christianity be practical."

Having determined to watch the working of the Factory Act in all its bearings, and being especially anxious to elicit the opinion of the operatives, and to observe the effect of the act as regarded themselves, Lord Ashley seized the first opportunity that presented itself, and set off into Lancashire on a tour of inspection.

From his diary:—

"Aug. 2, 1841.—Manchester. Came here on a factory tour to see the latest improvements (!) in machinery. Went to a meeting of operatives and talked to them. Poor fellows, the times are heavy, and their position is most distressing, nor can I see any possibility of amendment for them. The Ten Hour Bill would come too late for all the practical purposes we once predicted: the evil unchecked has attained so fearful a height that human legislation is mere verbiage. The meeting went off very well. I expressed sympathy and friendship: it soothed their spirits and somewhat lightened the burden by an apparent sharing of it. The clergy here, as usual, are cowed by capital and power. I find none who "cry aloud and spare not," but so it is everywhere. Two more clergy, I am happy to say, in other parts have offered me assistance,—Mr. Sparks Byers and Archdeacon Wilberforce. Mr. Byers has been singularly active and friendly.

"August 6.—Leeds. Convened meetings at Bolton, Ashton, Huddersfield, and Leeds. Success went on increasing, and each reception was more hearty and affectionate than the last. What a sin it is to be ignorant of the sterling value and merit of these poor men! . . . Never have I met with such respect and affection as on this journey."

In a speech at Leeds, Lord Ashley instanced the case of a young woman in a mill at Stockport, who had been caught by the machinery (and severely injured).*

Her employers deducted eighteen pence from her wages for the unexpired portion of the week since the accident happened! . . . Lord Ashley prosecuted the mill-owners, with result that they had to pay a hundred pounds damages to the girl, and expenses on both sides amounting to six hundred pounds. The expenditure of a few shillings, in the first instance, in properly boxing off the machinery would have saved this loss to the mill-owners and the more terrible loss to the injured girl. It was thus that he impressed on the minds of the operatives the value of law, and proved to them that it was not necessarily opposed to the interests of the working classes.

From the diary:—

"Aug. 27, 1841.—Fresh difficulties beset my path. The master spinners have held a meeting in Manchester, and have resolved to oppose *any* bill that I can bring in. This determines much of my course. I knew what I should do before: I now can guess what Peel will do. He will succumb to the capitalists and reject my Factory Bill. No human power, therefore, shall induce me to accept office. I am bound by every obligation, human and divine, not to allow myself to be placed in any situation where I may not be equally, if not better, circumstanced to advance these great interests. My part is resolved. If Peel oppose me, nay, even if he does not support me, I will surrender interest and ambition to the cause. I will persevere in it, God helping me, through storm and sunshine. I will commit all to Christ, and, trusting in him, I shall never be confounded."

In offering an appointment to Lord Ashley, it was evidently the desire of Sir Robert Peel to place him in some sinecure office where he would be kept quiet. . . . The Factory Question was now one of the burning questions of the day. It had materially influenced the past elections, and it was gathering around it forces which threatened to become increasingly formidable. To silence the leader of the movement, by hurrying him to accept an office, in which it would be impossible for him to carry on a great political agitation, was a stroke of policy worth any effort.

Sir Robert Peel did not know the man with whom he had to deal. He was incapable of realizing the high and generous motives of one who, for the sake of the poor and the wretched and the oppressed, was ready to sacrifice position and emolument,

* We spare our readers the description.

and close upon himself the gates leading to political power—through which the majority of men are only too eager to pass at all hazards.

Lord Ashley, on the other hand, saw through the man with whom he had to deal, perceived the speciousness of his arguments and the injury any compliance with them would do to the cause he had so warmly at heart. He determined that he would not accept any office of any kind under any conditions which would interfere with his perfect freedom to act in the interests of the factory operatives.

To the resolution taken on this occasion he was faithful throughout his life. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel urged him with great persistency to accept a place in the Cabinet, but he again declined. Under different administrations, and from opposite sides, he was urged to take office; but his resolution was fixed and unalterable. "There are still 1,600,000 operatives," was his reply to Lord Derby, as late as 1866, "excluded from the benefits of the Factory Acts. Until they are brought under the protection of the laws, I cannot take office."—*From the Life of Lord Shaftesbury, by Hodder.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her brother, James Freeman Clarke.

FEB. 12, 1834.

My dear James,—I received your letter of the 22d a week ago and have read it every day since,—once at least, I assure you. It is delightful to me that nothing is lost upon you: you acknowledge all, and, talking to you even at this distance of a thousand miles, is not without its echo—and it is worth while to speak to have such a reverberation.

I told William Eliot what you said, and he said the next time he preached it should be extemporaneously in the chapel. He is quite willing to go to St. Louis. It seems they want a Unitarian minister at Detroit. It seems a strange place for it with our associations.

Did you write a letter in the *Unitarian Advocate*, published at Dover? I heard you did, but have not seen it. Your letter to Mr. Whitman was read in the hall of the Theological School, and William Eliot read a report about the West; and I think from all I hear that many of them will be ready to go—if they are fit for it. I was at Cam-

bridge last week, and at a party at Mrs. Sparks's met Mr. and Mrs. Ware. Mr. Ware said he supposed you expected a letter from him, and you had a right to expect one, and that he had only three more letters to write before he came to your turn; that, if you saw his long list, you would forgive him. Mrs. Ware rejoices in your having gone to Kentucky, and always tries to reconcile me to it by such words as these: "You know we can only be happy in fulfilling our destiny." "Of what value *can* anything be compared to what James has,—the power of doing good?" I love her, though I have seen her but three times.

Yesterday I had a letter from Sam. He is again disappointed in his prospects of health and business: he will come home in the spring.

He says the Colombians have been growing worse ever since they were freed from the Spanish yoke. They never were fit for freedom: they are indolent, voluptuous, and as different from our patriotic ancestors as light is from darkness, and they have better capacities for being slaves than freemen. I am thankful he is coming home.

I thank you most of all for letting me read the journal of your upper drawer: I had seen it there and wanted to read it, but did not ask you because I thought there might be something in it that you would not like to have me see. I have been reading in it ever since I received your letter; and, when I have done it, I must write you a letter all about that. I should never have known M. so well, or E., if I had not read them there—or even yourself. If I had sent you all the letters that I have written to you, you would not call me self-oblivious: I write my feelings to get rid of them and then tear them up. But I wish I could keep a journal and so mark my changes and see what feelings are real and what are transitory. This I cannot do because I have not enough self-command to be willing to see it after the momentary feeling has passed away.

I had a letter from mother the other day containing an extract from a letter from William that she had just received, about you and your sermon that he had heard. She was very much pleased with his picture of you. I long to have you back again, but I do wish you would not feel so resolved to go back to L. Grandmamma will break her heart I am afraid if you do. But, after all, you yourself alone can know which is best to do.

Are you the author of the following pieces in the blue book? "They lightened and warmed my lonely heart," "Lovely thou art and yet to me, thy loveliness hath nurtured grief," "Was such joy real? I once had such a dream." They seem familiar to me, but I never knew that you wrote them.

The idea of designs growing best in the dark coincides with what Dr. Spurrheim says, that secretiveness is necessary to the creative artist. I never could understand why, but this confirms it, though it does not explain it.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.

HOW MANY?

Here is something that will amuse your friends. A man once offered to wager that he could eat more oysters than any one else in the room. The challenge was accepted, and it was agreed that the one who ate least should pay for all. The first man ate ninety-nine, and the second ate one hundred and *won*. How many did both eat? One hundred and ninety-nine, of course; but, if you ask the question carelessly, without emphasizing the word "*won*," you will probably be understood to say, "one hundred and *one*," and get the answer "two hundred."

I.

OLD ENOUGH TO BE NEW.

Here is a very old puzzle, familiar, doubtless, to many of our readers, but old enough to be new to the younger generation.

Stand take 2 takings.

I U throw my

II.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters.

My 3, 16, 10, 13, 2, is a large and bright constellation.

My 4, 9, 7, 8, 15, is one of the mechanical powers.

My 11, 12, 3, 1, 6, is part of a wheel.

My 11, 5, 13, 3, 12, is a vessel.

My 14, 13, 7, 6, 2, was a deity for whom a day of the week was named.

My whole is a proverb.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

III.

ANAGRAMS.

A popular American novelist and some of her books.

1. What, deny it! lie Ned!
2. O Grandfather Higlory! Sit!
3. Ring out peace! Sting! Ston!
4. Queer gasps.
5. Wrigles.
6. Cutter's red tubs.
7. Sell a fork.
8. San' Pies.

K. L. W.

Answers to Puzzles in July Number. *Descriptive Initials.*

1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
2. Henry Ward Beecher.
3. William Cullen Bryant.
4. James Russell Lowell.
5. Phillips Brooks.
6. Brooke Herford.
7. Robert Collyer.
8. James Freeman Clarke.
9. Lilian Freeman Clarke.

Conundrum.

1. All the difference in the world.
 2. Lapland.
 3. Because it shed light on dark matters,
 4. By giving him three feet.
 5. Why, backache, of course.
 6. Nothing but fun.
- Oh!

Answer to conundrum in June number (accidentally omitted in July).

Outside.

If one waits to find perfection in his friend, he will probably wait long, and live and die unfriended at last. The fine art of living, indeed, is to draw from each person his best. Friendship is in itself as fine an art as is painting or music or sculpture.—*Selects*.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

You are not guilty because you are ignorant, but you are guilty when you resign yourselves to ignorance.—*Mazzini*.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Miss Frances B. Fisher, our Assistant Secretary, is to be absent in Europe for several months. Will members and others kindly notice this, and send requests for correspondents to Miss M. A. Macomber, Framingham, Mass., until further notice?

Those who send contributions of any sort to the Cheerful Letter must have them sent in by or before the fifth of the month if they are to be inserted in the next issue.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY,—Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTERS EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.